



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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Written for The Lily.

### DIEM PERDIDA.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

I have lost a day.—TITUS.

Oh, greatly wise! thou of the crown and rod,  
Rob'd in the purple majesty of kings—  
Power was thine own where'er thy footsteps trod,  
Yet didst thou mourn if Time on idle wings  
Went by for thee! Deep sunk in thought wert thou,  
And sadness rested on thy noble brow  
If, when the dying day closed o'er thy head,  
Thou hadst no knowledge gain'd, no good confer'd.  
Diem Perdida, was the thought that stirr'd  
Thy conscious soul, when eve her curtain spread!  
O, Emperor greatly wise! could we so deal  
With misspent hours, and win thy faith sublime.  
We should not be 'mid the soul's mute appeal,  
Such triflers with the solemn trust of Time.

### ADDRESS TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

"The thinking minds of all nations call for change. There is a deep-lying struggle in the whole fabric of society; a boundless, grinding collision of the New with the Old."

The tyrant, Custom, has been summoned before the bar of Common Sense. His Majesty no longer awes the multitude—his sceptre is broken—his crown is trampled in the dust—the sentence of death is pronounced upon him. All nations, ranks and classes have, in turn, questioned and repudiated his authority; and now, that the monster is chained and caged, timid woman, on tiptoe, comes to look him in the face, and to demand of her brave sires and sons, who struck stout blows for liberty, if, in this change of dynasty, she, too, shall find relief.

Yes, gentlemen, in republican America, in the 19th century, we, the daughters of the revolutionary heroes of '76, demand at your hands the redress of our grievances—a revision of your State Constitution—a new code of laws. Permit us then, as briefly as possible, to call your attention to the legal disabilities under which we labor.

1st. Look at the position of woman as woman. It is not enough for us that by your laws we are permitted to live and breathe, to claim the necessities of life from our legal protectors—to pay the penalty of our crimes; we demand the full recognition of all our rights as citizens of the Empire State. We are persons; native, free-born citizens; property-holders, tax-payers; yet we are denied

the exercise of our right to the elective franchise.

We support ourselves, and, in part, your schools, colleges, churches, your poor-houses, jails, prisons, to army, the navy, the whole machinery of government, and yet we have no voice in your councils. We have every qualification required by the constitution, necessary to the legal voter, but the one of sex. We are moral, virtuous and intelligent, and in all respects quite equal to the proud white man himself, and yet by your laws we are classed with idiots, lunatics and negroes; and though we do not feel honored by the place assigned us, yet, in fact, our legal position is lower than that of either; for the negro can be raised to the dignity of a voter if he possesses himself of \$250; the lunatic can vote in his moments of sanity, and the idiot, too, if he be a male one, and not more than nine-tenths a fool; but we, who have guided great movements of charity, established missions, edited journals, published works on history, economy and statistics; who have governed nations, led armies, filled the professor's chair, taught philosophy and mathematics to the savans of our age, discovered planets, piloted ships across the sea, are denied the most sacred rights of citizens, because, forsooth, we came not into this republic crowned with the dignity of manhood! Woman is theoretically absolved from all allegiance to the laws of the State. Sec. 1, Bill of Rights, 2 R. S., 301, says that no authority can, on any pretence whatever, be exercised over the citizens of this State but such as is, or shall be derived from, and granted by, the people of this State.

Now, gentlemen, we would fain know by what authority you have disfranchised one-half the people of this State? You who have so boldly taken possession of the bulwarks of this republic, show us your credentials, and thus prove your exclusive right to govern, not only yourselves, but us. Judge Hurlburt, who has long occupied a high place at the bar in this State, and who recently retired with honor from the bench of the supreme court, in his profound work on human rights, has pronounced your present position rank usurpation. Can it be that here, where are acknowledged no royal blood, no apostolic descent, that you, who have declared that all men were created equal—that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, would willingly build up an aristocracy that places the ignorant and vulgar above the educated and refined—the alien and the ditch-digger above the authors and poets of the day—an aristocracy that would raise the sons above the mothers that bore them? Would that the men who can sanction a constitution so opposed to the genius of this government, who can enact and execute laws so degrading to womankind, had sprung, Minerva-like, from the brains of their fathers, that the matrons of this republic need not blush to own their sons! Woman's position, under our free institutions, is much lower than under the monarchy of England. "In England the idea of woman holding official station is not so strange as in the United States. The Countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery held the office of hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland, and exercised it in person. At the assizes at Appleby, she sat with the judges on the bench. In a reported case, it is stated by

counsel, and substantially assented to by the court, that a woman is capable of serving in almost all the offices of the kingdom, such as those of queen, marshal, great chamberlain and constable of England, the champion of England, commissioner of sewers, governor of work house, sexton, keeper of the prison, of the gate house of the dean and chapter of Westminster, returning officer for members of parliament, and constable, the latter of which is in some respects judicial. The office of jailor is frequently exercised by a woman. In the United States a woman may administer on the effects of her deceased husband, and she has occasionally held a subordinate place in the post office department. She has therefore a sort of post mortem, post mistress notoriety; but with the exception of handling letters of administration and letters mailed, she is the submissive creature of the old common law." True, the unmarried woman has a right to the property she inherits and the money she earns, but she is taxed without representation. And here again you place the negro, so unjustly degraded by you, in a superior position to your own wives and mothers; for colored males possessed of a certain amount of property, and certain other qualifications, can vote, but if they do not have these qualifications they are not subject to direct taxation; wherein they have the advantage of woman, she being subject to taxation for whatever amount she may possess. (Constitution of N. Y., article 2, sec. 2.) But, say you, are not all women sufficiently represented by their fathers, husbands and brothers? Let your statute books answer the question.

Again we demand, in criminal cases, that most sacred of all rights, trial by a jury of our own peers. The establishment of trial by a jury is of so early a date that its beginning is lost in antiquity; but the right of trial by a jury of one's own peers is a great, progressive step of advanced civilization. No rank of men have ever been satisfied with being tried by jurors higher or lower in the civil or political scale than themselves; for jealousy on the one hand, and contempt on the other, has ever effectually blinded the eyes of justice. Hence, all along the pages of history, we find the king, the noble, the peasant, the cardinal, the priest, the layman, each in turn protesting against the authority of the tribunal before which they were summoned to appear. Charles the First refused to recognize the competency of the tribunal which condemned him: For how, said he, can subjects judge a king? The stern descendants of our Pilgrim fathers refused to answer for their crimes before an English Parliament. For how, said they, can a king judge rebels? And shall woman here consent to be tried by her liege lord, who has dubbed himself law-maker, judge, juror, and sheriff, too?—whose power, though sanctioned by Church and State, has no foundation in justice and equity, and is a bold assumption of our inalienable rights. In England a parliament-lord could challenge a jury where a knight was not empannelled. An alien could demand a jury composed, half of his own countrymen; or, in some special cases, juries were even constituted entirely of women. Having seen that man fails to do justice to woman in her best estate, to the virtuous, the noble, the true of our sex, should we trust to



his tender mercies, the weak, the ignorant, the morally insane? It is not to be denied that the interests of man and woman in the present undeveloped state of the race, and under the existing social arrangements, are and must be antagonistic. The nobleman cannot make just laws for the peasant; the slaveholder for the slave; neither can man make and execute just laws for woman, because in each case, the one in power fails to apply the immutable principles of right to any grade but his own. Shall an erring woman be dragged before a bar of grimvisaged judges, lawyers and jurors, there to be grossly questioned in public on subjects which women scarce breathe in secret to one another? Shall the most sacred relations of life be called up and rudely scanned by men who, by their own admission, are so coarse that women could not meet them even at the polls without contamination? and yet shall she find there no woman's face or voice to pity and defend? Shall the frenzied mother who, to save herself and child from exposure and disgrace, ended the life that had but just begun, be dragged before such a tribunal to answer for her crime? How can man enter into the feelings of that mother? How can he judge of the mighty agonies of soul that impelled her to such an outrage of maternal instincts? How can he weigh the mountain of sorrow that crushed that mother's heart when she wildly tossed her helpless babe into the cold waters of the mighty sea? Where is he who by false vows thus blasted this trusting woman? Had that helpless child no claims on his protection? Ah, he is freely abroad in the dignity of manhood, in the pulpit, in the bench, in the professor's chair. The imprisonment of his victim and the death of his child, detract not a tithe from his standing and complacency. His peers made the law, and shall law-makers lay nets for those of their own rank? Shall laws which come from the logical brain of man take cognizance of violence done to the moral and affectional nature which predominates, as is said, in woman? Statesmen of New York, whose daughters, guarded by your affection, and lapped amidst luxuries which your indulgence spreads, care more for their nodding plumes and velvet trains than for the statute laws by which their persons and properties are held—who, blinded by custom and prejudice to the degraded position which they and their sisters occupy in the civil scale, haughtily claim that they already have all the rights they want, how, think ye, you would feel to see a daughter summoned for such a crime—and remember these daughters are but human—before such a tribunal? Would it not, in that hour, be some consolation to see that she was surrounded by the wise and virtuous of her own sex; by those who had known the depth of a mother's love and the misery of a lover's falsehood; to know that to these she could make her confession, and from them receive her sentence? If so, then listen to our just demands, and make such a change in your laws as will secure to every woman tried in your courts an impartial jury. At this moment among the hundreds of women who are shut up in prisons in this State, not one has enjoyed that most sacred of all rights—that right which you would die to defend for yourselves—trial by a jury of one's peers.

2d. Look at the position of woman as wife.—Your laws relating to marriage—founded as they are on the old common law of England, a compound of barbarous usages, but partially modified by progressive civilization—are in open violation of our enlightened ideas of justice, and of the holiest feelings of our nature. If you take the highest view of marriage, as a Divine relation, which love alone can constitute and sanctify, then of course human legislation can only recognize it.—Man can neither bind or loose its ties, for that prerogative belongs to God alone, who makes man and woman, and the laws of attraction by which they are united. But if you regard marriage as a civil contract, then let it be subject to the same laws which control all other contracts. Do not make it a kind of half-human, half-divine institution which you may build up but cannot regulate. Do not, by your special legislation for this one kind of contract, involve yourselves in the grossest absurdities and contradictions.

So long as by your laws no man can make a

contract for a horse or piece of land until he is twenty-one years of age, and by which contract he is not bound if any deception has been practiced, or if the party contracting has not fulfilled his part of the agreement—so long as the parties in all mere civil contracts retain their identity and all the power and independence they had before contracting, with the full right to dissolve all partnerships and contracts for any reason, at the will and option of the parties themselves, upon what principle of civil jurisprudence do you permit the boy of fourteen and the girl of twelve, in violation of every natural law, to make a contract more momentous in importance than any other, and then hold them to it, come what may, the whole of their natural lives, in spite of disappointment, deception and misery? Then, too, the signing of this contract is instant civil death to one of the parties. The woman who but yesterday was sued on bended knee, who stood so high in the scale of being as to make an agreement on equal terms with a proud Saxon man, to day has no civil existence, no social freedom. The wife who inherits no property holds about the same legal position that does the slave on the southern plantation. She can own nothing, sell nothing. She has no right even to the wages she earns; her person, her time, her services are the property of another. She cannot testify in many cases, against her husband. She can get no redress for her wrongs in her own name in any court of justice. She can neither sue nor be sued. She is not held morally responsible for any crime committed in the presence of her husband, so completely is her very existence supposed by the law to be merged in that of another. Think of it; your wives may be thieves, libellers, burglars, incendiaries, and for crimes like these they are not held amenable to the laws of the land, if they but commit them in your dread presence.—For them, alas! there is no higher law than the will of man. Herein behold the bloated conceit of these Petruchios of the law, who seem to say:

"Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret, I will be master of what is mine own;  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,  
That stops my way, in Padua."

How could man ever look thus on woman?—She, at whose feet Socrates learned wisdom—she, who gave to the world a Saviour, and witnessed alike the adoration of the Magi and the agonies of the cross. How could such a being, so blessed and honored, ever become the ignoble, servile, cringing slave, with whom the fear of man could be paramount to the sacred dictates of conscience and the holy love of Heaven? By the common law of England, the spirit of which has been but too faithfully incorporated into our statute law, a husband has a right to whip his wife with a rod not larger than his thumb, to shut her up in a room, and administer whatever moderate chastisement he may deem necessary to insure obedience to his wishes, and for her healthful moral development! He can forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on his account. He can deprive her of all social intercourse with her nearest and dearest friends. If by great economy she accumulates a small sum, which for future need she deposit, little by little, in a Savings Bank, the husband has a right to draw it out, at his option, to use it as he may see fit.

"Husband is entitled to wife's credit or business talents (whenever their intermarriage may have occurred;) and goods purchased by her on her own credit, with his consent, while cohabiting with him, can be seized and sold in execution against him for his own debts, and this, though she carry on business in her own name."—*Howard's Practice Reports*, 105, *Lovett agt. Robinson and Witbeck, sheriff, &c.*

"No letters of administration shall be granted to a person convicted of infamous crime; nor to any one incapable by law of making a contract; nor to a person not a citizen of the United States, unless such person reside within this State; nor to any one who is under twenty-one years of age; nor to any person who shall be judged incompetent by the surrogate to execute duties of such trust,

by reason of drunkenness, improvidence, or want of understanding, nor any married woman; but where a married woman is entitled to administration, the same may be granted to her husband in her right and behalf."

There is nothing that an unruly wife might do against which the husband has not sufficient protection in the law. But not so with the wife. If she have a worthless husband, a confirmed drunkard, a villain or a vagrant, he has still all the rights of a man, a husband and a father. Though the whole support of the family be thrown upon the wife, if the wages she earns be paid to her by her employer, the husband can receive them again.—If, by unwearied industry and perseverance, she can earn for herself and children a patch of ground and a shed to cover them, the husband can strip her of all her hard earnings, turn her and her little ones out in the cold northern blast, take the clothes from their backs, the bread from their mouths; all this by your laws he may do, and he has done, oft and again, to satisfy the rapacity of that monster in human form, the runseller.

But the wife who is so fortunate as to have inherited property, has, by the new law in this State, been redeemed from her lost condition. She is no longer a legal nonentity. This property law, if fairly construed, will overturn the whole code relating to woman and property. The right to property implies the right to buy and sell, to will and bequeath, and herein is the dawning of a civil existence for woman, for now the "femme covert" must have the right to make contracts. So, get ready, gentlemen; the "little justice" will be coming to you one day, deed in hand, for your acknowledgment. When he asks you "if you sign without fear or compulsion," say yes, boldly, as we do. Then, too, the right to will is ours. Now what becomes of the "tenant for life"? Shall he, the happy husband of a millionaire, who has lived in yonder princely mansion in the midst of plenty and elegance, be cut down in a day to the use of one-third of this estate and a few hundred a year, as long as he remains her widower? And should he, in spite of this bounty on celibacy, impelled by his affections, marry again, choosing for a wife a woman as poor as himself, shall he be thrown penniless on the cold world—this child of fortune, enervated by ease and luxury, henceforth to be dependent wholly on his own resources? Poor man! He would be rich, though, in the sympathies of many women who have passed through just such an ordeal. But what is property without the right to protect that property by law? It is mockery to say a certain estate is mine, if, without my consent, you have the right to tax me when and how you please, while I have no voice in making the tax-gatherer, the legislator or the law. The right to property will, of necessity, compel us in due time to the exercise of our right to the elective franchise, and then naturally follows the right to hold office.

3d. Look at the position of woman as widow. Whenever we attempt to point out the wrongs of the wife, those who would have us believe that the laws cannot be improved, point us to the privileges, powers and claims of the widow. Let us look into these a little. Behold in yonder humble house a married pair, who, for long years, have lived together, childless and alone. Those few acres of well tilled land, with the small white house that looks so cheerful through its vines and flowers, attest the honest thrift and simple taste of its owners. This man and woman, by their hard days' labor, have made this home their own. Here they live in peace and plenty, happy in the hope that they may dwell together securely under their own vine and fig-tree for the few years that remain to them, and that under the shadow of these trees, planted by their own hands, and in the midst of their household gods, so loved and familiar, here may take their farewell of earth. But, alas for human hopes! the husband dies, and without will, and the stricken widow, at one fell blow, loses the companion of her youth, her house and home, and half the little sum she had in bank. For the law, which takes no cognizance of widows left with twelve children and not one cent, instantly spies out this widow, takes account of her effects, and announces to her the startling intelligence that but one-third of the house and lot, and one half the personal property,



are her's. The law has other favorites with whom she must share the hard-earned savings of years. In this dark hour of grief, the coarse minions of the law gather round the widow's hearth-stone, and in the name of justice, outrage all natural sense of right; mock at the sacredness of human love, and with cold familiarity proceed to place a monied value on the old arm chair, in which, but a few brief hours since, she closed the eyes that had ever beamed on her with kindness and affection; on the solemn clock in the corner, that told the hour he passed away; on every garment with which his form and presence were associated, and on every article of comfort and convenience that the house contained, even down to the knives and forks and spoons—and the widow saw it all—and when the work was done, she gathered up what the law allowed her and went forth to seek her another home! This is the much talked of widow's dower. Behold the magnanimity of the law in allowing the widow to retain a life interest in one-third the landed estate, and one-half the personal property of her husband, and taking the lion's share to itself! Had she died first, the house and land would all have been her husband's still. No one would have dared to intrude upon the privacy of his home, or to molest him in his sacred retreat of sorrow.

How, I ask you, can that be called justice, which makes such a distinction as this between man and woman?

By management, economy and industry, our widow is able, in a few years, to redeem her house and home. But the law never loses sight of the purse, no matter how low in the scale of being its owner may be. It sends its officers round every year to gather in the harvest for the public crib, and no widow who owns a piece of land two feet square ever escapes this reckoning. Our widow, too, who has now twice earned her home, has her annual tax to pay also—a tribute of gratitude that she is permitted to breathe the free air of this republic, where "taxation without representation," by such worthies as John Hancock and Samuel Adams, has been declared "intolerable tyranny." Having glanced at the magnanimity of the law in its dealings with the widow, let us see how the individual man, under the influence of such laws, doles out justice to his helpmate. The husband has the absolute right to will away his property as he may see fit. If he has children, he can divide his property among them, leaving his wife her third only of the landed estate, thus making her a dependent on the bounty of her children. A man with thirty thousand dollars in personal property, may leave his wife but a few hundred a year, as long as she remains his widow.

The cases are without number where women, who have lived in ease and elegance, at the death of their husbands have, by will, been reduced to the bare necessities of life. The man who leaves his wife the sole guardian of his property and children is an exception to the general rule. Man has ever manifested a wish that the world should indeed be a blank to the companion whom he leaves behind him. The Hindoo makes that wish a law, and burns the widow on the funeral pile of her husband; but the civilized man, impressed with a different view of the sacredness of life, takes a less summary mode of drawing his beloved partner after him; he does it by the deprivation and starvation of the flesh, and the humiliation and mortification of the spirit. In bequeathing to the wife just enough to keep soul and body together, man seems to lose sight of the fact that woman, like himself, takes great pleasure in acts of benevolence and charity. It is but just, therefore, that she should have it in her power to give during her life, and to will away at her death, as her benevolence or obligations might prompt her to do.

4th. Look at the position of woman as *mother*. There is no human love so generous, strong and steadfast as that of the mother for her child; yet behold how cruel and ruthless are your laws touching this most sacred relation.

Nature has clearly made the mother the guardian of the child; but man, in his inordinate love of power, does continually set nature and nature's laws at open defiance. The father may apprentice his child, bind him out to a trade or labor, without the mother's consent—yea, in direct op-

position to her most earnest entreaties, her prayers and tears.

He may apprentice his son to a gamester or rumseller, and thus cancel his debts of honor. By the abuse of this absolute power, he may bind his daughter to the owner of a brothel, and, by the degradation of his child, supply his daily wants; and such things, gentlemen, have been done in our very midst. Moreover, the father, about to die, may bind out all his children wherever and to whomsoever he may see fit, and thus, in fact, will away the guardianship of all his children from the mother. The Revised Statutes of New York provide that "every father, whether of full age or a minor, of a child to be born, or of any living child under the age of twenty-one years, and unmarried, may by his *deed or last will*, duly executed, dispose of the custody and tuition of such child during its minority, or for any less time, to any person or persons, in possession or remainder." 2 R. S., page 150, sec. 1.

Thus, by your laws, the child is the absolute property of the father, wholly at his disposal in life or at death.

In case of separation, the law gives the children to the father; no matter what his character or condition. At this very time we can point you to noble, virtuous, well educated mothers in this State, who have abandoned their husbands for their profligacy and confirmed drunkenness. All these have been robbed of their children, who are in the custody of the husband, under the care of his relatives, whilst the mothers are permitted to see them but at stated intervals. But, said one of these mothers, with a grandeur of attitude and manner worthy the noble Roman matron in the palmiest days of that republic, I would rather never see my child again, than be the medium to hand down the low, animal nature of its father, to stamp degradation on the brow of another innocent being. It is enough that one child of his shall call me mother. If you are far sighted statesmen, and do wisely judge of the interests of this commonwealth, you will so shape your future laws as to encourage woman to take the high moral ground that the father of her children must be great and good.

Instead of your present laws, which make the mother and her children the victims of vice and license, you might rather pass laws prohibiting to all drunkards, libertines and fools, the rights of husbands and fathers. Do not the hundreds of laughing idiots that are crowding into our asylums, appeal to the wisdom of our statesmen for some new laws on marriage—to the mothers of this day for a higher, purer morality?

Again, as the condition of the child always follows that of the mother, and as by the abuse of your laws the father may beat the mother, so may he the child. What mother cannot bear me witness to untold sufferings which cruel, vindictive fathers have visited upon their helpless children? Who ever saw a human being that would not abuse unlimited power? Base and ignoble must that man be, who, let the provocation be what it may, would strike a woman; but he who would lacerate a trembling child is unworthy the name of man. A mother's love can be no protection to a child; she cannot appeal to you to save it from a father's cruelty, for the laws take no cognizance of the mother's most grievous wrongs. Neither at home nor abroad can a mother protect her son. Look at the temptations that surround the paths of our youth at every step; look at the gambling and drinking saloons, the club rooms, the dens of infamy and abomination that infest all our villages and cities—slowly but surely sapping the very foundations of all virtue and strength.

By your laws, all these abominable resorts are permitted. It is folly to talk of a mother moulding the character of her son, when all mankind, backed up by law and public sentiment, conspire to destroy her influence. But when woman's moral power shall speak through the ballot box, then shall her influence be seen and felt; then, in our legislative debates, such questions as the canal tolls on salt, the improvement of rivers and harbors, and the claims of Mr. Smith for damages against the State, would be secondary to the consideration of the legal existence of all these public re-

sorts, which lure our youth on to excessive indulgence and destruction.

Many times and oft it has been asked us, with unaffected seriousness, "what do you women want? What are you aiming at?" Many have manifested a laudable curiosity to know what the wives and daughters could complain of in republican America, where their sires and sons have so bravely fought for freedom and gloriously secured their independence, trampling all tyranny, bigotry and caste in the dust, and declaring to a waiting world the divine truth that all men are created equal.—What can *woman* want under such a government? Admit a radical difference in sex and you demand different spheres—water for fish and air for birds.

It is impossible to make the southern planter believe that his slave feels and reasons just as he does—that injustice and subjection are as galling as to him—that the degradation of living by the will of another, the mere dependent on his caprice, at the mercy of his passions, is as keenly felt by him as his master. If you can force on his unwilling vision a vivid picture of the negro's wrongs, and for a moment touch his soul, his logic brings him instant consolation. He says, the slave does not feel this as I would. Here, gentlemen, is our difficulty: When we plead our cause before the law makers and *savans* of the republic, they cannot take in the idea that men and women are alike; and so long as the masses rest in this delusion, the public mind will not be so much startled by the revelations made of the injustice and degradation of woman's position as by the fact that she should at length wake up to a sense of it.

If you, too, are thus deluded, what avails it that we show by your statute books that your laws are unjust—that woman is the victim of avarice and power? What avails it if we point out the wrongs of women in social life; the victim of passion and lust? You scorn the thought that she has any natural love of freedom burning in her breast, any clear perception of justice urging her on to demand her rights.

Would to God you could know the burning indignation that fills woman's soul when she turns over the pages of your statute books, and sees there how like feudal barons you freemen hold your women. Would that you could know the humiliation she feels for her sex, when she thinks of all the beardless boys in your law offices, learning these ideas of one-sided justice—taking their first lessons in contempt for all womankind—being indoctrinated into the incapacities of their mothers, and the lordly, absolute rights of man over all women, children and property, and to know that these are to be our future Presidents, Judges, Husbands and Fathers; in sorrow we exclaim, alas! for that nation whose sons bow not in loyalty to woman. The mother is the first object of the child's veneration and love, and they who root out this holy sentiment, dream not of the blighting effect it has on the boy and the man. The impression left on law students, fresh from your statute books, is most unfavorable to woman's influence; hence you see but few lawyers chivalrous and high-toned in their sentiments towards woman. They cannot escape the legal view which, by constant reading, has become familiarized to their minds: "*Femme covert*," "dower," "widow's claims," "protection," "incapacities," "encumbrance," is written on the brow of every woman they meet.

But if, gentlemen, you take the ground that the sexes are alike, and, therefore, you are our faithful representatives—then why all these special laws for woman? Would not one code answer for all of like needs and wants? Christ's golden rule is better than all the special legislation that the ingenuity of man can devise: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." This, men and brethren, is all we ask at your hands. We ask no better laws than those you have made for yourselves. We need no other protection than that which your present laws secure to you.

In conclusion, then, let us say, in behalf of the women of this State, we ask for all that you have asked for yourselves in the progress of your development, since the May Flower cast anchor side Plymouth Rock; and simply on the ground that the rights of every human being are the same and identical. You may say that the mass of the women of this State do not make the demand;



it comes from a few sour, disappointed old maids and childless women.

You are mistaken; the mass speak through us. A very large majority of the women of this State support themselves and their children, and many their husbands too. Go into any village you please, of three or four thousand inhabitants, and you will find as many as fifty men or more, whose only business it is to discuss religion and politics, as they watch the trains come and go at the depot, or the passage of a canal boat through a lock; to laugh at the vagaries of some drunken brother, or the capers of a monkey, dancing to the music of his master's organ. All these are supported by their mothers, wives or sisters.

Now, do you *candidly* think these wives do not wish to control the wages they earn—to own the land they buy—the houses they build? to have at their disposal their own children, without being subject to the constant interference and tyranny of an idle, worthless profligate? Do you suppose that any woman is such a pattern of devotion and submission that she willingly stitches all day for the small sum of fifty cents, that she may enjoy the unspeakable privilege, in obedience to your laws, of paying for her husband's tobacco and rum? Think you the wife of the confirmed, beastly drunkard would consent to share with him her home and bed, if law and public sentiment would release her from such gross companionship? Verily, no! Think you the wife, with whom endurance has ceased to be a virtue, who through much suffering has lost all faith in the justice of both Heaven and earth, takes the law in her own hand, severs the unholy bond and turns her back forever upon him whom she once called husband, consents to the law that in such an hour tears her child from her—all that she has left on earth to love and cherish? The drunkards' wives speak through us, and they number 50,000. Think you that the woman who has worked hard all her days, in helping her husband to accumulate a large property, consents to the law that places this wholly at his disposal? Would not the mother, whose only child is bound out for a term of years, against her expressed wishes, deprive the father of this absolute power if she could?

For all these, then, we speak. If to this long list you add the laboring women, who are loudly demanding remuneration for their unending toil—those women who teach in our seminaries, academies and common schools for a miserable pittance; the widows, who are taxed without mercy; the unfortunate ones in our work houses, poor houses and prisons; who are they that we do not now represent? But a small class of fashionable butterflies, who, through the short summer days, seek the sunshine and flowers; but the cool breezes of autumn and the hoary frosts of winter will soon chase all these away; then, they too will need and seek protection, and through other lips demand, in their turn, justice and equity at your hands.

We publish below the names and Post Office address of the Officers of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of G. T. of Pennsylvania, for the year commencing Dec. 28, 1853.

- G. W. C. T., B. M. BAILEY,  
Mansfield, Tioga Co., Pa.  
G. W. C., JOEL JEWELL,  
Edsallville, Bradford Co., Pa.  
G. W. V. T., B. S. DART,  
Troy, Bradford Co., Pa.  
G. W. S., MARY C. EMERY,  
Wellsborough, Tioga Co., Pa.  
G. W. T., CHARLES E. CHURBUCK,  
Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa.  
G. W. CHAP., S. C. HOVEY,  
Ulster, Bradford Co., Pa.  
G. W. M., S. F. GREEN,  
Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Pa.  
G. W. I. G., ELIZABETH WILCOX, (of Delmar),  
Wellsborough, Tioga Co., Pa.  
G. W. O. G., ISAAC LOSEY,  
Nelson, Tioga Co., Pa.  
G. W. D. M., D. WHIPPLE,  
Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa.

## THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, MARCH 15, 1854

It is impossible for us longer to furnish back numbers complete from the first of the volume. Subscribers hereafter can commence with No. 5, and as we have still a supply of No. 1, they can have that number gratis if they desire it.

### WOMAN'S RIGHT OF EMPLOYMENT.

This subject is one which is now agitating the public mind to considerable extent. Old opinions and customs are fast giving way before the new light which is rapidly diffusing itself in the minds of the people. Woman is herself becoming very much awakened on the subject, and is demanding that a wider field of employment be opened to her, and that she be paid a more just compensation for her labor. Heretofore her sphere of labor has been very circumscribed. The kitchen, the school room, the factory and needle, were about the extent of its limits; and owing to the over crowded state of each of these, the compensation paid to female laborers has been scarcely sufficient for the purchase of food and clothing,—not a cent to lay by for a time of need. There are thousands and tens of thousands of women in this country dependant on their own labor for bread; and all have heretofore supposed they must earn it within the sphere prescribed to them by a heartless custom; or failing to earn it thus that they must choose between the poor house and a life of infamy. It seems to have been a study with men to keep woman in a state of helpless dependance, by restricting the field of her employments, and then depriving her of the just reward of her labor. No good reason can be assigned why woman should not receive the same compensation for the same labor performed, as man; and yet men have assumed the right to reduce her wages to but little above the starving point, while they fill their own pockets with the fruits of her honest toil. Woman has long borne this injustice and oppression in silence; but the spell is broken—the veil lifted from her eyes. She sees that false notions of her sphere, her modesty, her duty, have heretofore oppressed and degraded her; and she is learning to look differently upon life, and to regard herself, her rights and duties, in altogether a different light from that in which she has formerly been held. She is learning to disregard the teachings and customs of a darker age, and to strike out for herself new and pleasant paths. Hence on all sides we see women forcing an entrance into more lucrative branches of business. Various employments heretofore thought out of their sphere are being entered up on;—and on every side we hear the opinion expressed that a wider field for the display of her talent and industry should be opened to her. The mighty forests and boundless prairies of the west are inviting man to the axe and the plough; and the voice of humanity is bidding him resign to woman, or at least share with her, the lighter labors of the store, the shop, and the office.

All that now remains is for woman to follow up this giving way of old conservative notions, and to take possession of the field now rapidly opening before her. Instead of making herself a slave to the needle for the mere pittance doled out to her—instead of following in the same beaten track chosen by thousands of her sex, and which is so overrun that starvation stares many of them in the face—let woman enter upon more varied and lu-

crative employments, and choose whatever business may best suit her taste, and which promises to yield the best remuneration. The professions, trades, mechanics, the arts—all are open to her, or may be forced open, if she have but the energy and determination to enter upon them. Wait not to ask what the world will say, or for an invitation to some post of honor or affluence, but take possession of it as your right, without so much as consulting "THEY SAY" on the subject.

### THE LADIES IN ARMS.

The women appear to be taking the temperance question into their own hands in earnest in this State. The last act upon the principle of the Maine Law, was performed by some twenty women of Perryville. The citizens some time ago purchased up all the liquors from the dealers and poured them into the street—the liquor dealers promising that they would sell no more. But the promise was soon broken. The people saw their money was expended for naught—their children were corrupted, and their hearts made to ache—the peace and quiet of the village was disturbed, and the law furnished no adequate remedy. The women met, consulted and determined; and on the 17th ult. they assembled in front of one of the grogeries, when one of their number stepped forward into the door, and read in the hearing of the keeper, a most beautiful address. She paused for a reply; but Mr. Grocery keeper turned away most lordly, and deigned no reply to a set of women. Thereupon the ladies coolly entered the grocery and cellar, and emptied every decanter, flask, bottle, barrel, or cask that could be found. They then proceeded from grocery to grocery, until they finished up the work,—whilst all the community responded AMEN.

On Monday following some 20 ladies, and perhaps 8 or 10 gentlemen, were arrested by a State Warrant for riot. But, by the assistance of Wm. COWAN of that place, and that of Wm. JOHNSTON of Mansfield, in about two hours the ladies and gentlemen were discharged, amid cheers and hurrahs.

To many we suppose such a course of proceeding will seem unjustifiable and unladylike; but we rejoice in every such manifestation of a determination to root out the liquor traffic. We believe that to woman is committed the guardianship of her children, and that she will be answerable for them to Him who has entrusted them to her keeping.

The traffic in intoxicating drinks is corrupting the morals of her children and sapping away their life blood; and it is not only her right but her imperative duty to rescue them from the grasp of the destroyer. Woman has tried moral suasion—she has tried silent influence—she has petitioned and remonstrated, but what have these availed her?—The traffic still goes on, and the rum-fiend laughs in mockery at her puny efforts to dethrone him.

The ballot-box is closed against her, and she cannot vote it out of existence. The law-making power is denied her, and she cannot make laws for its prohibition. Men lack courage and efficiency to do what they have power to do, and she has lost confidence in them. Then what must she do? We see not as any recourse is left her except to rely on the strength of her own right arm, and her own persevering energy. She must meet the foe face to face, and having ever before her the safety of her loved ones, and the peace of her fireside, never give up the contest till she has destroyed every vestige of his power and cruelty.



**"ILLUSTRATED HYDROPATHIC QUARTERLY REVIEW."**

The second number of this truly excellent work is on our table, and is, like its predecessor, filled with a rich store of good things. The leading article, and illustrations, on gymnastic exercises as a cure for disease, is highly useful, and none but the most happy results can follow the frequent practice of the muscular movements as here represented, and as are more fully carried out in some of the Hydropathic Institutions of the country. We have tried it, and know that too much cannot be said in favor of muscular exercise for the strengthening and developing of the chest and lungs, and in fact the whole system. Every village should have its public gymnasium where the sedentary may resort for exercise and relaxation from business care, and where young girls, and women especially, may have opportunity for the full exercise of the muscular system. Climbing ropes and ladders, playing ball, rolling ninepins, running, jumping, bending, carrying weights, playing at shuttle-cock, shooting arrows, throwing the arms and body into a variety of positions—all this would not only be fine sport, but would be a more sure preventative of, and remedy for disease than any amount of drugs, or "little pills," that may be swallowed.

Would that parents could realize the importance of such an institution for their daughters. Instead of the weak, nervous, dyspeptic, wasp-like, helpless women we now see, we should have in their stead, under such a system of training, strong, vigorous, healthy women, to whom nervousness, dyspepsia, and the thousand ills which woman now suffers, would be unknown.

The article on Dyspepsia, by J. C. Jackson, M. D., is an excellent one, and in the writer's usual happy style. "Colds, their Nature, Prevention and Management;" "Philosophy of Common Colds;" "Hunger Cure;" "Water Crisis;" "Adulteration of Drugs;" "Hygienic treatment of Consumption;" "Practical Surgery," &c. These are among the subjects treated of in the work before us by some of the most talented writers, and most skillful practitioners of the Hydropathic School.

FOWLERS & WELLS are, through this, and their other publications, doing much to enlighten and benefit mankind. We would that their works were read by every mother in the land, in place of the light story magazines, and works of fiction, which now load the tables of every parlor.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—Letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

Joel Lankton, J. H. Wells, H. L. St. John, S. P. S. Cobb, E. M. Griffing, (3) Cordelia A. Clark, Mary R. M. Babcock, Elizabeth Gilloughby, B. R. Voorhees, Mary H. Pratt, L. B. Pease, Sarah A. Butler, M. A. Insley, H. C. Cooley, W. D. Schooley, L. Rosetta, Jane Terry, T. O. Castle, J. Fawcett, M. Dickinson, Celinda Grandy, Eliza Lammon, D. Kingery, Laura P. Price, A. Green, Mary E. Pulver, Saml. D. Moore, A. T. Swift, James Pollett, Martha H. Elwell, W. H. Nims, H. J. Starin, Mark Starcher, Sarah, Burger, Victoria McArdle, Carrie D. Filkins, Lydia Kille, J. Douglass, L. T. Barrett, Sarah H. Howe, Laura A. Lord, Frances Holmes, Minerva J. Wheeler, Lydia Haight, Clara C. Haight, Angelina Fish, C. W. Barbero, T. J. Cox, Seth Paine, H. Jane Allen, Wm. Manning, Eliza S. Taylor, S. A. Rynearson.

Are the ladies of Ohio ready to respond to the following appeal? Since the men have got into debt, and thus cramped their efforts, we suppose it would be but an act of sisterly kindness to help them out; but we don't believe in running in debt, even to help a good cause; and if the women do take hold and help the Committee this time, we hope they will give them to understand that they won't do it again. Pay as you go, brothers; and if you cannot bring lecturers from Massachusetts without running in debt, just take the stump yourselves; and our word for it the cause will be advanced as rapidly as if you had Dr. Jewett for a month-piece.

**A Work for the Ladies.**

It is well known by the report of the State Executive Committee that the temperance men of Ohio are in debt nearly \$3,000, for labor expended in the last campaign. This is a small sum to be raised in Ohio, when we consider that many times that amount was expended in the counties, for lectures &c., in the course of a few months. But small as the sum is, it is enough to cramp the efforts of the State Committee so long as it remains unpaid. It is necessary that the work of agitation be commenced immediately, and in order to be relieved from the burden of the debt, the Committee have appointed an agent to visit the different counties and solicit funds to pay it off. The agent will succeed in his mission, but it will require several weeks industrious labor.

Now, while the men are engaged in their work, we suggest a plan of co-operation to be entered into by the ladies of Ohio. There is not a town or village in the State where the ladies cannot get up a temperance festival, the avails of which varying from ten to one hundred dollars, would be well appropriated to the liquidation of this debt. If such a plan were generally adopted in connection with the others made use of, before the first day of April next the requisite sum will be raised. A hint is sufficient; will the ladies of Ohio aid the work? We shall be glad to notice the proposals to hold festivals; where shall the first one be held? —*Tem. Ad.*

Mrs. C. GRANDY, writes us a long letter enquiring what has become of the "Genius of Liberty." She has been unable to learn anything in relation to it from its editor, having written her twice on the subject, and now applies to us for information. We are unable to give the light she seeks. The "Genius" has not come to our office for some three or four months, but it had not occurred to us that its publication was discontinued; and we hope Mrs. Grandy is mistaken in her conclusions. We have been puzzled to know why we do not get an exchange, as we send THE LILY to the Genius regularly. Had it been discontinued there surely would have been some notice of the fact. Mrs. G. will have to apply to some other source for a solution of the matter, as it is not in our power at present to help her out of the difficulty.

N. B. Since the above was in type we learn that the *Genius of Liberty* has been suspended.

Complaints reach us from some of our subscribers that they do not get THE LILY regularly, and they seem disposed to censure us for it. We certainly can have no motive for withholding our paper from our subscribers, and most assuredly we have no such desire. THE LILY is mailed regularly, and with much care to all, and if any fail to get them the fault is with "Uncle Sam's" servants, and not with us. We greatly regret the cause for such complaint, but we know of no way to remedy the evil. We will always send the missing numbers with pleasure, if we have them when notified of a failure.

"If a man worth \$5,000, marries a woman worth \$10,000, but owing \$5,000, the husband is obliged to pay the wife's debts out of his own property, after which he has no claim upon her estate; but should he ever accumulate a property of his own, she, upon his death, is entitled to one-third of the same. So that under the present debased condition of the female sex in this State, a woman keeps all her own property, and takes, upon her husband's death, one-third of his, in consideration of which he is obliged to pay her debts contracted before marriage out of his own estate!! What oppression!"—*Am. Budget.*

We are sorry the *Budget* is not better posted up in regard to the laws of New York. The above statement is erroneous so far as relates to the husband being liable for his wife's debts contracted before marriage. The truth of the matter is, her own property, if she has any, is liable for such debts, and the husband is no way responsible therefor.

By the laws of that State a woman has the control of her own property; and it is just and right that she should have. The third of her husband's property, which she "takes upon her husband's death" she is justly entitled to, in consideration of the service she has rendered, and the part she has taken in the accumulation of such property. And it should be her's not only for life, but to make such disposition of as she pleases at her death. The property accumulated during marriage by the joint industry of husband and wife should be regarded as equally the property of both, and it should all belong to the surviving partner, whichever it may be.

When woman's time comes to be regarded as of as much value as man's, such property will not be considered, as now, wholly his. If she give her time and service to her husband, she is entitled to something more than her vituals and clothes; and though her work brings in no money, she nevertheless is entitled to her full share of what comes into the hands of her husband.

Husbands talk about supporting their wives—entirely overlooking the fact that the wife gives to them her whole time, and that by entering into such copartnership she has deprived herself of all facilities or opportunity of acquiring the means of self-support. Her services are all given to him, and she has a right to require at his hands the reward of her time and labor.

No woman should receive the property that falls to her on her husband's death as a gift, but as a right. And surely no one—not even the children—has an equal claim with the wife to the property accumulated by their joint industry and economy.

The attempt of the *Budget* to cast odium upon the laws of New York, and upon the advocates and defenders of woman's rights, will prove a failure. The justice of the laws of 1844 and 1845 in relation to property rights, and the justice of woman's claim, is too apparent to all sensible minds for them to be moved by such slurs as the above.

The Poem by Mrs. E. J. EAMES will possess additional interest to our readers when we tell them that her labors on earth are drawing to a close. This gifted lady is now languishing on a bed of sickness from which she has little hope to rise. "In a few months, or less," she writes us, "all will be over with me." We feel to hope that her departure is not as near as she anticipates, and that she may, under the care of the physician to whose skill she has entrusted herself, be restored at least to partial health, and her life be prolonged for many days.



## LITERARY JOURNAL AGAIN.

The last number of this paper apologizes for the attack upon us in the previous number. The editor says she was confined at home by sickness, and during her absence some man in the office had the articles inserted without her knowledge, and much to her regret; and on him she throws the responsibility.

We are glad to know that she is guiltless in the matter. We have the credit of our sex in their public labors so much at heart, that it would be sad indeed to feel that there was one in our ranks capable of manifesting so much weakness and meanness as was shown in the editorial columns of No. 4 of the *Journal*.

We accept the apology, and would extend to sister BANGS the right hand of fellowship. The last number of her paper assures us that she is laboring with us for the same great objects, and that she has both the desire and the ability to help forward the good cause in which she has enlisted.

We would suggest that if the editor should again be so sick as to prevent her attending to the paper, that she place some one in charge beside an old bachelor; and that she require all matter for which she will be held responsible, to be submitted to her before it passes into the hands of the compositor.

The *Literary Journal* is published semi-monthly at \$1 50 per year. EMILY K. BANGS, Editor; MARIA J. NOBLE, Assistant Editor.

A lady who has been circulating petitions in Pennfield, O., sends us the following as the results of her labors. It appears to us a little singular that while there is a majority against granting to woman the elective franchise, there is a large majority in favor of striking the words *white male* from the Constitution. This is certainly a little inconsistent; since were those words stricken out there would be nothing to prevent woman exercising her right of suffrage.

Petition for a stringent and salutary prohibitory liquor law: Voters—Yeas 51; Nays 17. Females—Yeas 102; Nays 12. Majority in favor—Voters 34; Females 90. Nine young men not voters to be added: whole majority in favor, 133.

To give women equal rights with men in the holding and disposing of property: Voters—Yeas 54; Nays 25. Females—Yeas 97; Nays 24. Majority in favor—Voters 29; Females 73. Five young men not voters to be added: whole majority in favor, 107.

To give women the Elective Franchise: Voters—Yeas 33; Nays 43. Females—Yeas 56; Nays 65. Majority against—Voters 10; Females 9. Five young men in favor as above: whole majority against, 14.

To have the words *WHITE* and *MALE* erased from the Constitution and Statutes of the State: Voters—Yeas 46; Nays 13. Females—Yeas 68; Nays 15. Majority in favor—Voters 33; Females 53. Five young men to be added as above: whole majority in favor, 91.

One Reverend gentleman wished to have the word *white* only erased,—he could not be prevailed upon to sign it in any other way—says the bible requires Woman to be in subjection to her husband, with all that she possesses. When asked if the bible required woman to be in subjection to a drunken husband, his reply was, "Ahem! ahem! there are some extreme cases."

As a set off against that, another Reverend gentleman visited here yesterday, who has signed the Woman's Rights petitions, ordered *THE LILY*, and is a whole souled Woman's Rights man; and, I will add, goes for Human Rights throughout the world. Of those who refused to sign the petitions all were not opposed, and would not like to be classed with the nays; some were indifferent, but I have set them all down as nays.

We devote a large space in this number to Mrs. STANTON's Address to the Legislature of New York, delivered on the occasion of the Woman's Rights Convention held in Albany on the 14th and 15th of last month. The address was "backed up" by a petition signed by near 6000 men and women of that State praying for the just and equal rights of women. This petition was presented in the Assembly by D. P. Wood, of Onondaga, and called up a spicy debate, after which it was referred to a select Committee of seven.

In the Senate, the same day, Mr. Richards, of Warren, presented a petition signed by over 4,000 men and women, praying for the extension of the right of suffrage to women, and on his motion it was referred to a select committee of three.

To many of our readers the address will be very interesting; and it cannot be otherwise than useful to all, whether they reside in New York or not; we deem no apology necessary, therefore, for occupying so much room with it, to the exclusion of other matter.

We have articles from Mrs. BRONSON, Mrs. VAUGHAN, CIVIS and others, which shall appear in our next. We have several pieces of poetry on hand which are objectionable on account of their length; the writers must be patient till we find room for them.

"*INTEMPERANCE AND DIVORCE; OR THE DUTY OF THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.*" By Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols. This is the tract for which the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society paid a premium of ten dollars. It is issued in a pamphlet of ten pages from the press of Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau street, New York, by whom it will be furnished at fifty cents per hundred. It can also be had by addressing Mrs. ANGELINA FISH, Victor, N. Y.

We hope our subscribers will bear in mind that we strike from our list all names as fast as their subscriptions expire. If they wish to continue the paper, without losing any numbers, they should renew in season, as we cannot always furnish back numbers after two or three months have elapsed.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for March is the first we have received since our removal. It is a very fine number, and has many beautiful illustrations. It contains Chapter II. of Headley's Illustrated Life of George Washington, and other highly interesting matter. Will Mr. Graham send us a copy of his February number? We presume it has been sent to our former residence, but we have never received it.

"*TOBACCO, ITS HISTORY, NATURE AND EFFECTS; with facts and figures for tobacco users.*" By R. T. TRALL, M. D.

"*TOBACCO DISEASES; with a remedy for the habit.*" By JOEL SHEW, M. D.

"*EVILS OF TOBACCO, as they affect Body, Mind and Morals.*" By REV. DWIGHT BALDWIN.

These three Prize Essays on Tobacco are from the publishing house of FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau street, New York. Tobacco users, and parents who have sons who will be likely to become tobacco users, should carefully read and ponder the great truths which they unfold.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DUTY OF THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY DELTA HURON.

True as we know it to be that that wealth of happiness which no eye hath seen, or ear heard, depends upon the faithful discharge of *duty* in this present life, how prone we are to linger at its bidding, or turn a heavy ear to its friendly promptings. There are duties which every human being owes to God,—duties which he owes to his fellow beings, and duties which he owes to himself. And so nicely blended are they that no hand, human or divine, can point out the dividing line between them. He that is true to himself will also be true to God; and he that is ever mindful of his Maker, will love his neighbor as himself.

As the curious temple which the Almighty architect has reared for the indwelling of the ever throbbing, pulsing spirit, loses its perfect organization by severing the slightest thread of that web of nerves which envelopes it, so if we neglect the slightest duty which we owe ourselves, we have wronged our fellows, and committed robbery with God. If every human being has such a crushing weight of duties enjoined upon them, what an embargo is laid upon her who takes upon herself the sacred name of wife. She had duties, when in early girlhood she knew no theatre of action but her childhood's home. As a daughter, as a sister much was required at her hands; and when in later years the flower-decked path of infancy and childhood was lost in the dusty, jostling highway of active life, another fountain of moral obligation was opened to irrigate her spirit. Society had claims upon her, and would she be true to herself, to her fellow beings, and to God, she had but to discharge the one all-absorbing duty of her life—to always act the noble-minded christian woman. In this one requirement *all* were blended; and when within her heart she felt a new and gushing tenderness—when within her prayers her spirit breathed a name her lips dared not pronounce—and when she kneeling took new "vows upon her," there was written upon her soul another requirement—the *holy duty of a wife*. Was this to *alienate* her from the duties which she owed to God? Was it to estrange her from all obligations to the world?

The mighty Amazon as it leaps from its rocky bed and rushes onward to the ocean, checks it not in its career, but only gives fresh impetus to its world of heaving waters. The thousand raindrops as they fall from some low hanging cloud blend all in one, and form the earth-rejoicing shower. The melody that rises from some sacred orchestra, may be the breathings of many tuneful spirits, but so nicely harmonized as to float upward like the music of a single voice.

The duties of a wife may be various and new, but he who instituted marriage, and threw around it so many responsibilities, has also meted out all duty; and to use the true but homely words of another, to best express our meaning—"duties never clash." The wife should love her husband as she loves herself—be true to his best interests as the still small voice within—should seek to turn him from his faults—should make his home happy—should be to him the "sister of a purer sphere to lure him on to Heaven."

We have spoken thus far of the duties, of the cherished wife,—of her who has found, long years after marriage, that the *husband* and the *lover* are the same. But what are her duties upon whose faded brow is written in deep furrows, Despair?—within whose tear-deserted eye you read the name of Drunkard's Wife?

We have so often seen in our sickly novels, and embellished romances, the monster Intemperance, whose horrid form is hid behind such graceful drapery, we are apt to forget that the "devotee of Bacchus," the "deluded inebriate," the "victim of the sparkling wine cup," and the loathsome drunkard are one and the same. We are too apt to feel a listless kind of pity for such a wife,—to call her's an unhappy home—to shed a few useless tears when her tale of agony is repeated to us, without the movement of a muscle to alleviate her sufferings, or to annihilate that evil which has turned her home into a hell.



Oh! if the disciples of temperance would unfurl their banner, and rally around her standard—if every arm was nerved for action, and every hand upraised to dash aside the cup of passion—if every lip breathed forth an imprecation on that assassin, bolder than the midnight murderer, who waits not for darkness to curtain his guilt, but slays his thousands at midday, I affirm it, the pestilence which has swept off so many of our fathers, our husbands and brothers, would be stayed. The heart of a sickened community would once more resume its healthy beatings, and the multitude of wives who have for years inhaled the atmosphere of dungeons, such as palsy every intellectual and physical faculty, would receive back again all that is left to them of freedom. But what is freedom to the captive, whose torturing bondage has destroyed his vision, and thrown around him perpetual night?—whose heavy fetters have rendered the nervous tissues as senseless as the withered herb beneath his feet—whose ear shuts out the music of the singing birds, and voices of loved ones—what is freedom to such an one? If Temperance should throw from her eyelids the "seeds of slumber," and clothe herself in armor for the combat, she could not give back the light of life to the crushed and wounded spirit; but she might in mercy turn aside the poisoned arrows that are thirsting to drink from the crimson life-tide of some new victim. She might remove the plague spot that hangs, like the hair-suspended sword, over so many domestic hearthstone.

Is it asked what is the duty of the worse than widowed wife? Tell me, ye that say that the wife should cling to her husband till death comes to separate them, be he wretch or man,—friend or fiend—tell me what her duty is. If she errs here, it is a fatal error; destroying her happiness here, and imperiling it hereafter.

To one who clings to such a dogma, I will open the doors of the drunkard's home: not an ideal one,—no, no, it is *too real*. Would to God that the real anguish—the awful oaths—the prayers of mockery—the grave of every human hope—the days and nights of tearless agony, were all a fancy sketch!

It is not an isolated case; follow in the searing tread of Intemperance, and see how fast such scenes come crowding to the reeling vision. You see within this home the drunkard's wife—the mother of the drunkard's children. She herself supports them, toiling at morning, noon, and midnight, to purchase their coarse food, and still coarser clothing—she feeds the fire with fuel which her own hands have provided. Does she sometimes wish to draw consolation from the word of God, she remembers of having it rudely torn from her hands, and while her ear shrank from the horrid oaths, her eye rested upon the whitened ashes of her burning Bible. Society had long since fled from her, and in that hour it seemed that God too had forsaken her. Gloomy and dark as is this picture, there comes a darker shadow to her dwelling.

The husband and father have long since perished;—the *tyrant* and *fiend* remain; and hourly does she dread his coming. Surrounded as she is with her children, she knows of no refuge where she can shelter herself from his presence. She has ceased to look for kindness, and scarcely to expect humanity. The door is pushed rudely open and the author of all this misery enters; maddened with those as brutish as himself, he comes home to wreak his vengeance on his helpless wife and children. The children cling to the knees of the mother. Unhappy woman, she shelters them by her own form until the brutal blows render her arms nerveless, and they are left unshielded from his anger. Their cries of terror rouse no feelings of pity in his rum-burning bosom, and he only turns from his half senseless wife to raise his hand in violence against those who claim from him the right of protection!

"Thus without compunction blighting,  
What he does not kindly kill."

The law speaks not of justice, for he has not yet wrung out the last drop of vitality,—the glimmering taper of life burns on. The wife and mother, too proud to tell of domestic troubles to the world, lives on, and hopes, even when there is no all-

ment for hope to feed upon, that the day is not far distant when her husband will reform. And thus year after year passes; another, and yet another is added to her family of little ones. She knows that theirs will be a life of suffering, perhaps of vice. A stupor seems resting upon her intellectual and moral being. She prays, but not with the fervency of former days,—the fine gold of her piety has become dim. The windows of heaven seemed closed against her; and tell me, ye that bear the endearing name of mother—ye that find it so difficult to sow good seed in young hearts so naturally prone to evil, when daily you throw around them every religious influence it has been your privilege to enjoy—tell me if the duties of this mother are lost in those of the wife! She almost daily hears the the profane words of her husband repeated by younger lips. True, she tries to push them back,—she reasons and prays with the erring ones—but the example has been so often set before them, they cannot so easily forget the first words that fell upon their wondering ears. The naked, dark and gloomy walls of their home present no cheerful picture before the impressive minds of childhood; and is it not true that that which is continually sounding in the ears of children—that which the eye daily rests upon—gives the tone and coloring to their spirits? True, there may be a counteracting influence, as in the case before us of this martyr wife and mother; the tendrils of whose best affections have been torn from the objects round which they clung so closely, and flung out for sustenance upon the cold atmosphere around. Powerful as we know a mother's influence to be, memory gathers up so many wrecks of the sons and daughters of pious mothers, whose barks have been sunk beneath the waves of sin and misery by the hands of an intemperate father, we feel that she cannot trust to her influence, with such an opposing current, to save her children from the evils of this present life, and stand guiltless before her Maker.

Enfeebled, as is her physical system, by such a weight of corroding care—obliged to rally every energy to provide food and clothing for her children—shut out from that sympathy which is the life of woman's spirit—feeling sensibly every time she presses to her bosom a new-born babe, that a life of temptation, a sliding path lies before him, and how dark the prospect that his foot shall firmly tread within. She sees the same impetuous will that dashes aside every restraining influence, and knows that her child has drank deeply of her husband's spirit.

Mother! press to your bosom your family of little ones, and tell me what *her duty* is, who is mother of the drunkard's children!

When a woman becomes a *wife* does she become a *slave*? Are there no duties which she owes to herself? As an intellectual being, is it her duty to see drop after drop of anguish wrung into some burning lamp in the chamber of Reason, and know that those lights were going out? Close as is the connection between the physical and intellectual natures, is it her duty to daily have every artery chill with terror—to toil beyond her strength to sustain her children?—and we blush to say it,—to see her earnings, for which she sacrificed a portion of herself, often appropriated by force, or stealth, to satisfy the vitiated taste of her intemperate husband?

Tell me, ye christian wives who often mourn over your cold-heartedness in the cause of Christ, when morning and evening you kneel beside your praying husbands, to talk with God,—when the sanctuary and closet privileges are yours—if then "Hozannas languish on your tongue, and your devotion dies,"—tell me what is the duty of that wife who is robbed of all sanctuary privileges, and whose hours of secret devotion come laden with the cry of famishing children, or the angry voice of an infuriated husband?

The law may threaten the mother with the loss of her first, or second born, if she thus early seeks a refuge from her husband's cruelty by a divorce; but had she not rather be torn from the embrace of *these two*, if he cruelly claims all that the law allows him, than to see the sin of the father visited upon a numerous family, and then be compelled to leave them to save the little of that life that was wasting in her veins? She who can live in

constant violation of those duties which she owes to God as her Creator, Preserver and Redeemer—to herself, as a physical, intellectual and moral being, cannot be treading in the path which Heaven designed for her,—cannot be faithfully discharging the *duty* of a wife.

From the Ohio Farmer.

### THE YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"Rather conservative, I should think," said James, with a quiet curl of his lip.

"Decididly," replied —, while a shadow flitted over his high, bold brow, as if a powerful thought was pressing up from his heart; and bringing before his mind some dark picture of wrong and suffering.

"He's decidedly conservative; believes that women should be held in subjection to man, and that no place and no duty belongs to them but taking care of children and washing dishes! He is no advocate for Woman's Right. Ah! if women all had homes and children, and enough to occupy time and thought, then, if they were only allowed to fit themselves for that high and holy duty perhaps we might be content. But six out of every ten in our country are obliged to toil for bread for their children, as well as to keep the home and them, and to toil for so little; to meet with so many disabilities, too. Who talks of woman as out of her sphere, when she goes out at morn and leaves her children all day, to earn fifty cents at washing."

As I spoke thus, again the dark cloud rushed over the young man's brow; I found, I feared I was playing upon a delicate string with an unskillful hand; after a moment's silence, and a seeming struggle with himself, he spoke out, and the low, deep tones of his voice seemed to my ear like the sorrowing wail of holy love, breathed upon a life harp that had been tuned to harmony, through tribulation and suffering.

"Oh!" said he, "how can man be so unjust to woman, to his mother, his dearest friend. Many a day, Mrs. Gage, have I been left under the shade, on the grass, while my mother toiled all day long in the field, planting and hoeing, reaping and gathering. Many a day have I been locked in at home, while she went out to wash and clean house, to bring us bread."

His lips quivered, and the tears made more bright and glorious his great black eyes.

"Had you no father?"

"We had, but he was no father then. He was rich when he married, but made bad bargains, became reduced, and then came the oft told tale—took to drink, and our mother had us all to support, and him too. Talk about woman being the weaker vessel, ten men would have fainted and failed under the accumulated burdens she had to bear."

"His boasted manliness would not bear loss of property; but her weaker nature, sustained by a mother's love, bore that, and what was tenfold worse, the loss of her husband, honor and character, the loss of his love, his energy, his protection; and then through shame, degradation, poverty, toil and sickness, supported him and six of us, with burthens upon her heart, burthens upon her hands, clogs upon her feet, bands upon her spirit: yet on and on, never fainting, never failing, till her work was done. Once; oh, how the agony of that hour stirs me now."

"Day after day she had been gone all day, washing for Mrs. Morgan, who lived in the great house on the hill. Usually she brought home something for us to eat—breadstuffs, meat, potatoes or some such thing, for her work. This time she came in with empty hands, and we wondered greatly.—Father sat in the corner, for that day he had not been able to get whiskey enough to be too drunk to get home."

"Oh! how he did curse her when he found she had nothing for him. The few little crusts were gathered up and crumbled into some milk begged from a neighbor, and with our tins of porridge we drew around the fire. Father had fallen asleep in one corner, and sat nodding and snoring. Mother told us little stories in a low tone, lest she should wake the cursing tongue again. Her face was



more radiant than usual, as the light of the wood fire glowed up—for we were in a cabin in the country, and could gather sticks and keep warm. At last her pleasure overcame her prudence, and she whispered to sister and I, 'Be quiet and good, I have got two dollars in money in my pocket, and I'm going to get you some shoes, and send you to a school. Sep'—and she lifted the shining silver out of her pocket, so that we could catch a glimpse of it. I was the younger, and in my joy I gave a cry, 'O, mamma, I'm so glad!'

"Hush!" said she. But it was too late, the sleeper in the corner had seen the motion and guessed it all.

"Presently he rose without an oath, and catching an old quilt from the bed, stretched himself upon the floor, asking us in an unusually kind tone to go to bed; he had the headache. Soon we were all stowed away in our poor places, and with joyous anticipations I soon fell asleep. Poor mother, she was so tired; two miles she had walked, to go and come, to do that hard day's work; there was a deep, melting snow, and her garments were dragged and wet. Hoping to sleep while he slept, and not knowing what moment he might awake to his revels, she undressed and hung her garments by the fire, and was soon slumbering with the rest.

"Oh! the humiliation of telling such a tale.—That husband—that father had but feigned sleep, and when her deep breathing told him that she was at rest, he crept to her dress, abstracted the two dollars, which, in her joy at the appearance of quiet, she had forgotten; and then with a shout of triumph, rushed from the house.

"It was still early evening, and the dram shop near a mile away; but he was gone. Never shall I forget my mother's despair, or her touching words—

"Oh! Heavenly Father," she exclaimed, 'have I come to this, to toil till my bones ache, and my sinews crack with striving, only to make him a madman; oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?' I sprang to her side. Boy as I was, I wanted to follow him; but she drew me to her side, and putting her arms around me, she laid her head on my shoulder and wept.

"It's no use, Henry; he will kill you. Go, go to your bed again—kiss me, there, there love, don't cry. I'll work again, and you shan't be shut up all winter for want of shoes. Oh! oh! to think of your poor feet, and Mary's, in this snow. And he to drink it all."

"At last we went back to bed, waiting and watching lest he should return; but the night passed and he came not. As soon as the day dawned, she tied her old shoes on my poor frozen feet and sent me to see where he was. It had turned cold in the night, and frozen the half melted snow into ice, and little pools of water were all along the way solid and glare. It was yet scarcely dry on the way. Between the liquor shop and our house was a little hill-side and a rough stony path, with a mud hole at the bottom. As I sped on, hurrying with almost freezing hands and feet, keeping my eye on a group of men at the tavern door beyond, I stumbled and fell over the dead body of my own father. There he lay, his face downward and the water with the solid ice closed around his head! I cannot detail it. My poor mother!

"But we got on better after that; for then my mother had no master. She sent us to school, and we soon could help her some. All of us are well off now, but the youngest, born after father took to drink; and he's a drunkard in spite of us all.

"Go on. Plead for Temperance and Woman's Rights, and the widow and the fatherless, the drunkard's wife and drunkard's children, and the crushed heart of woman, will bless you evermore."

The tall, black-eyed stranger passed out, I saw him no more. But his tale, and his love for his mother, will never be forgotten.

And that whiskey was made by men—the grog-shop sanctioned by men—men's hands dealt out the poison—men's hearts made the law that gives the labor of the wife into the husband's hands.—Men have made themselves our masters—yet tell us we have rights enough; and woman answers, as an echo—Rights enough!

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LILY.

### Executive Meeting—Seneca Falls.

VICTOR, March 8, 1854.

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOMER—I know you will like to hear of our "Executive Committee Meeting" at Seneca Falls during the past week, not only from its being held at the place of your former residence, but from your having been a member of that Executive Board, and from the deep interest you take in the temperance cause, not only in this State but throughout the land.

Agreeable to adjournment and previous notice, the Executive Committee of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society met at Seneca Falls, N. Y., March 1st and 2d inst., for the transaction of business pertaining to the Society. Members of the Committee present were

Mrs. P. L. ALLING, Rochester, N. Y.  
" C. ELVIRA MARSH, " "  
" H. ATTILIA ALBRO, " "  
" H. B. WILLIAMS, Buffalo, "  
" M. E. CHRISTIE, Horseheads, "  
" ELLEX P. LUM, Seneca Falls, "  
" ANGELINA FISH, Victor, "

Having our Executive Committee divided into sub-committees enables us greatly to facilitate the business of our quarterly sessions. They stand as follows:

1st, Publishing Committee. 2d, Auditing Committee. 3d, Committee on Public Meetings. 4th, General Committee. 5th, Committee on Agencies. 6th, A Committee to whom Agents shall refer in the purchase of Tracts and papers to be distributed as coming from the Society, or recommended by the Society.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to say the greatest harmony of feeling prevailed. The Committee seem to be truly "laboring together in love."

At the close of the Session the following Resolutions were offered:

*Resolved*, That this Committee tender their thanks to the Families of Messrs. D. B. Lum and Whiting Race for their kindness and hospitality to them during their present Session.

*Resolved*, That we tender our thanks to the "Good Templars" for procuring a Hall for a public meeting, free of charge to the Committee.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the *Seneca County Courier*, and to *THE LILY*, for publication.

On Thursday evening, at the close of the Session, we held a public meeting in Concert Hall, which was addressed by Mrs. H. A. ALBRO and myself; and although there was a "Nebraska Meeting" in the village, and the evening rainy, yet a large audience were in attendance, who, by the "material aid" rendered, manifested their interest and co-operation with the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society, and by so doing laid the Society under obligations to the warm hearted friends of Temperance at Seneca Falls.

I remained one day after the Committee left to attend the meeting of the "Good Templars" on Friday evening. Of this I would like to speak, but will not now, lest I stretch this to an unpardonable length. I will only say that the Lodge numbers over two hundred members, composed of the wisdom, piety, talent, and *beauty* of Seneca Falls; and they are from week to week receiving large additions to their number. They have also a new one started, called "The Oceola Lodge of G. T.," which numbers over fifty, and is rapidly increasing. Blessed are the people of Seneca Falls; blessed in mind and morals, blessed in liberal minded Ministers, (six in number,) and blessed in the unity that prevails among them.

Yours, in F. H. & C.

ANGELINA FISH, Cor. Sec'y.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—The Temperance organizations of this city have determined upon holding a series of public temperance meetings this spring. The plan originated with the Daughters of Temperance. The first of the series was held under their direction on the 28th ult., at the Congregational Church, and was largely attended.

### Death in New Lisbon, and Destruction of the Rum Shops!

On Monday the 13th, JEREMIAH McLAUGHLIN under the influence of liquor fell, while going up stairs at Watsons Hotel, and was instantly killed. McLaughlin was one of those generous souls whom every body loved. He had a tear for suffering, and a hand ready to relieve, whenever the occasion rightly demanded sympathy or succor. But he was not true to himself. The tempter came in the maddening bowl and darkened his noble spirit.—He could not resist strong drink! When he touched it, (and he struggled to keep out of its reach,) he became mad—and gave loose to a passion which he could not control.

Tuesday, his body was laid out. The coroner and jury were gathered round to render their verdict. As loved ones gazed upon his remains, the witnesses testified, that his "passion had been fed" at a grocery near by. The indignation excited by it was intense. "Let us destroy the hell-trap," said one. The suggestion was acted upon, and the moment the *motive* was declared, the whole town said, "it is right—let us not tolerate the cursed groceries."

Mobs are terrific. Yet pause, and look at it.—Here lay the body of a young man, full of talent and hope, forgetful of self, when others were concerned. Old and young asked why this sacrifice? Whence this fatal, fearful end? The enquiry and the answer came together, and instantly the people gathered—around the dead body they gathered—and said, "The cause of this sacrifice of early manhood in its pride and glory, and the curse of our place, must be rooted out, be the consequences what they may." And forth they sallied! From the chamber of death to the chamber of pollution they rushed! Not crazed, not mad, but as men determined to destroy a fearful evil, and so wrought upon that no form of law, no law itself could stay their avenging hand, or stop its avenging blow.

The people gathered, and went to the spot where young McLaughlin had been drugged with the fiery liquid. In an instant, every drop of the cursed poison was scattered over the earth, and the shop where it was sold drained. Other places of like character were visited, and gutted, and made to yield up their villainous contents. There was no resisting the indignation. It swept over the town like a flood.

The burial hour came. In solemn procession the people followed the remains of McLaughlin to the grave. There, and on that last restingplace, they resolved that they would not tolerate this wholesale temptation, and murder of the generous and the noble.

The Genius of Liberty having been suspended, Mrs. Aldrich its Editor, will hereafter occupy ten pages each month in Moore's Western Lady's Book in the dissemination of her views on the subject of Woman's Rights and duties.

### WESTERN HOME VISITOR.

D. C. BLOOMER.....Editor.  
AMELIA BLOOMER.....Associate Editor.

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